

how we like to party by ReblDOMakr

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Summary:

drabbles set in this 'verse, where Billy's in a secret relationship with Mike even though Mike's with Eleven.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

unbetaed. posted originally on my tumblr,
reblstmakr

Billy's an asshole. If it isn't clear enough how fucked up his head is, remember he's fucking the kid of the married woman he's plowed a couple times before. He likes to call Mike his 'prepubescent fucktoy', promising him he'll get tits one of these days. Even though Mike's getting hair around his dick and he's got a bush in his armpits, he's still the girl waiting to be a woman to Billy.

It's probably Valentine's Day. Mike spent it with Eleven/Jane. He bought her flowers and cheap chocolate, both of them happy just to be around each other in this way. Hopper very secretly monitored the entire date, from the back of the movie theater. He pretended to just arrive to pick up Jane. They both knew better, but whatever.

Meanwhile, Billy probably spent it on some girl without a boyfriend on the holiday. He fucked her in her room since her parents were out. Then, he sneaked into her little sister's bedroom right before living. Stole a pair of panties and a lacy training bra before leaving. Not because he wanted to pound her little sister - no thanks, he wants his actual girls to have tits - but because he wanted to make his boy look pretty. and feel a little ashamed of himself.

He gets in Mike's window and forces him to dress up. Mike doesn't even bother to ask him where he got the set of pink girly underwear. Both are slightly different shades, but it's not like he cares about that.

"Such a pretty girl." Billy compliments, grinning maniacally, while Mike flushes and calls Billy an asshole. "Oh, good girls don't have such naughty mouths." Billy continues.

Billy makes Mike suck his dick with the panties barely hanging onto his hips, the training bra too tight around his chest. He makes Mike swallow his cum down and he drags Mike up, pulling the panties to

the side to jam his dick inside of Mike's pre-stretched ass (because at this point, so long into their relationship, Mike prepares himself before he puts on his pajamas because most nights Billy slips into his bedroom).

Mike bounces on Billy's lap, with the older teen's hands digging hard into his chest trying to grope at something that doesn't exist. His nipples harden, abused to bruising red. Fingertips dig into his bony chest and, by morning, he'll have polka-dots splattered across and up and down.

"Come on baby, tighten up your cunt." Billy insults. "Jesus, how many cocks you've taken up here? Loose, you fucking whore." He snarls.

"J-" Mike gasps, slamming down. "Just you!"

"Like I believe no one else has fucked you." Billy laughs, moving his hands and grasping Mike's ass. It's bony and meaty simultaneously, one of a lanky boy not a girl but if Billy wanted an actual girl he would have her. "Even if you said no, we all know how quickly you spread your legs if someone shows a little *force*." He raises his hand and brings it back, smacking hard enough to make the small amount of fat on Mike's butt to move.

Mike whines loudly, stuffs his face into Billy's neck. He comes with Billy's cock sliding against his prostate, with Billy grabbing his hair and forcing his head back to bare his neck. He snaps his teeth around the side and bites, and bites, and bites, until skin wears thin and breaks open.

Neither one of them care that it's in an obvious spot, but Billy takes time to scold Mike for wetting his panties.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

prompt: Mike and Billy cockwarming? Probably because Mike kept on calling him an asshole and Mike cums all night until he passes out

Mike insults Billy, a *lot*. Normally Billy doesn't really give a fuck. It rolls off of him, maybe gives him an excuse to smack the boy around a little bit. He likes it when he slams a bruise into Mike. The boy just kind-of takes the abuse. Revels in it. Likes it, in a number of ways. Billy knows it's an example of force, allows Mike to say this really isn't gay because he's scared so he has to do it, like he doesn't come hard as fuck whenever Billy's got something plugging his ass or mouth.

It's how they reach, now. With Mike moaning against Billy's neck, hips held in place, with his little dick straining against his belly button. It's red and so stiff that it probably hurts. He's close to crying out apologies. Would have, already, if he wasn't such a stubborn bitch. Billy doesn't care. He fisted his own dick before doing this, so that he'd be able to last longer without being overcome with the need to fuck and come.

Mike called Billy an asshole and tried to punch him, after Billy casually threatened that girl Mike dates. "Bet she'd like my dick better than yours, bitch boy." Billy had said, laughing, while Mike went red in the face. Fists flew in weak punches, which Billy probably thinks he should fix later (he doesn't want his slut going out fighting like that, he's going to get his ass kicked), and he yelled, "Asshole! Fuck you!".

By Billy's rules, and his rules are law, Mike deserves this.

Mike whines again and tries to rock his hips. Billy keeps the boy in place.

"No fucking yourself on my cock until you apologize." Billy says, voice singing with cheer. He definitely wants to fuck the boy but, he's

not going to stop this punishment. It's way too much fun.

"You were mean." Mike cries out, leaning back and looking into Billy's face. The boy's cheeks are stained with sneers and snot's all over his nose down to his chin, runny and clear. He looks a goddamn mess. Billy likes that.

"Doesn't matter." Billy says. "You know better. You're supposed to be a good bitch. You were not."

"I'm sorry!" Mike yelps out. "Please, Billy, please! It hurts!" Referring, probably, to how Billy barely opened him with two fingers before jamming his dick in on spit alone. It'll hurt the both of them when Billy starts to move his cock, but he doesn't care about that. He likes the pain. He's pretty sure Mike likes it, too. He's also probably referring to how Billy's definitely pressing against his prostate.

Mike's little dick is still so, so hard despite all the 'pain'. Billy really loves fucking around with this boy.

"Are you?" Billy asks. "What if I did rape your girl's cunt, hm?"

"It's fine!" Mike yells. "I don't care! Please! Fuck me! Please, Billy! Please, please, please!"

Billy laughs halfway through Mike's yelled begging. "Alright." He says, removing his hands off of Mike's body. "Bounce on my cock." He orders.

Mike moans out in relief and places his hands on Billy's shoulders. He lifts himself up and slams back down, head falling back and mouth hanging open.

"So desperate," Billy grunts while Mike builds up a furious pace.

It doesn't too long for either one of them to orgasm. Mike comes after only a half-dozen bounces, dick twitching and emptying out onto Billy's stomach. He begins crying again while Billy forces him to continue moving, moving his hips and forcing him up-down by a refreshed grip on his hips.

Billy comes, emptying himself out into Mike – because why bother

with condoms? It's not like Mike can get pregnant. – and pulling the boy off as soon as he's down riding out his own orgasm.

Mike rolls off to the side, body trembling. Billy grabs an ass cheek and pulls.

“Think I might have to disinfect your ass again.” Billy comments, eyeing the blood ooze out next to the come.

“Hurts.” Mike mumbles.

“Yeah.” Billy agrees. His own dick's stinging. “It's fine.”

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

prompt: Mike finds out that the baby his mom is having is Billy's while Billy's fucking him. Like Billy's balls deep and he nonchalantly says "your new baby sister/brother is gonna look like me" or "your moms baby is gonna look like me" and Mike gets off on that by accident

Notes for the Chapter:

unbetaed

Mike's bedroom has light, plain carpet (that replaced the darker spotted brown he had when he was a lot younger) that has helped Billy cause Mike discomfort since their mock of a relationship began. It's given him rug burn on his back, chest, stomach and even his cheek. It makes his knobbly knees sting, leaves indentations on the skin, that'll hurt for only a minute or two once he's able to move.

His mouth's stretched around Billy's dick. Sucking Billy off is a trade that Mike's a master of. He knows how to tuck his lips behind his teeth, but he also knows when he nip at the tip and went to scrape when he's bobbing. Mostly, Billy likes to be silent. Probably thinks moaning is unmanly or some stupid shit. Bottles it up until he's about to come down Mike's throat. It's easy to tell when Billy's close. He stops talking, for once, because he's too busy holding Mike's mouth at the base so he can shoot straight down to his stomach or slapping it on Mike's cheek to stain his skin.

"You ever think of getting pregnant?" Billy asks, while Mike's trying to discreetly rub his dick against the floor. Rug burn on his dick hurts a lot – desperate times call for desperate measures. "I think you'd already have a kid in you, if you had a cunt."

Mike wishes he could talk with a dick in his mouth. Billy's always telling he's got a cunt – his ass serves better for cock than it does for its biological function – and trying to feminize him. He's a sissy, a

fag, he's basically a girl that lacks all the good things about a girl, needs to just shut his mouth unless it's sucking something. Not that Mike will ever not complain. Billy's an asshole, most of the time.

"I bet our kids would be pretty." Billy says. One hand tangled still in Mike's hair, he moves his right and rubs his thumb over Mike's cheekbone. "Dunno how I'd stop one of our sons from fucking you. You're too pretty."

Gross, Mike thinks and whines around Billy's cock.

"Probably get knocked up with your own grandkids." Billy adds and laughs, but the hand on Mike's cheek is still gentle. "You're such a slut, bet you'd spread it for your kids. Bet you'd spread it for their grandpa, too, huh?"

Mike whines again, louder.

"Maybe if you get a baby brother, he'll be like you." Billy says. "You can play mommy while I fuck his ass. By the time he's old enough, bet you'll be so loose it'll be impossible to fuck anything but your mouth."

Mike drags slow off of Billy's cock, ignoring the hard, stinging pull when Billy tries to tug him back. It's not enough force to actually keep him in place. He knows Billy has it in him, wouldn't hesitate to rip out his hair, so he guesses he has permission to talk.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Mike snaps. His voice is a little raspy, there not having been nearly enough time to recover from Billy's cock trying to fuck his esophagus.

Billy grins down at Mike, breaking out into laughter. "Mommy didn't tell you?" He asks, mid-laugh, the chuckles dying off into crazy giggles. "Karen's pregnant, dumb shit." He says.

"She hasn't said." Mike frowns and tries to lean back more, but Billy's doesn't allow that. He's tugged even closer after his attempt. He winces, at the fresh sting. Something in him, though, is joyous. His mom has to be done with Billy, if she's pregnant. She must have told Billy to finally break up with him. She's going back to his dad, like

she never even left—

“Don’t get that stupid look on your face.” Billy says. “Like you’re trying to fucking think. You know you’re not good at that. Get back on my cock.”

Mike opens his mouth and takes Billy back inside, forcing his throat to relax and give. He settles down to the back, holds it there for a second before his stomach begins to quiver and he pulls back to start bobbing once more.

“Don’t worry, baby.” Billy begins to talk again – because when doesn’t he? – and he sounds too fucking happy. Mike knows better than to think Billy being so happy is a good thing. “Daddy’s not the daddy. She hasn’t fucked Ted since I told her to, so he’d think the kid is his.” He says.

Mike stops and casts his eyes up towards Billy. He wants to pull off, now, and ask Billy *what the fuck?* for probably the millionth time in past twenty-four hours.

“I fucked her cunt too many times without a condom.” Billy shrugs. “You know how much I hate those things.”

And, yeah, Mike does know. It’s why he has to do his own laundry and why he spends so long in the shower (why he can’t take baths unless it’s after he’s fingered out most, so he doesn’t end up laying in cum-stained water).

He whines around Billy’s dick.

“You know it takes three generations of close incest for defects to begin to appear?” Billy begins, with a sick question and a tone that Mike wishes made his stomach sick. Instead, it just makes his stomach roll and his own dick give a little twitch. “If I knock her up, I could knock up my granddaughter, too, and the baby would probably be fine. Maybe if I have my dick in you while you’re fucking her, you’ll come enough to get her pregnant, too.”

Billy tugs Mike’s head into a faster speed, but he doesn’t stop talking. Of **course** he doesn’t. “But if it’s a boy, I think that’ll be a lot more

fun. She doesn't make any men. She only makes sluts. Look at you. Bet if I tried, I could fuck Nancy, too." He laughs. "Poor Ted. Doesn't know he chose the wrong woman. Doesn't know his little boy's a fruity piece of shit, either."

Mike drags his dick against the carpet, almost too hard, but he groans around Billy's dick.

"I think I'd like my son. Be a lot nicer than my dad was to me." He says. "Treat it like the way you should've been. Not like a boy to be a man when he gets older."

Asshole, Mike thinks and he tries to swallow Billy's dick further.

"By any chance it ain't a fag," Billy says, pulling on Mike's hair. Getting a little breathless, finally. "I'll make sure he'll get his cock in you as soon as he's old enough to come. Bet mommy's going to leave daddy, but I bet I'll be daddy next. Take everything Ted's got. Maybe tie him down and make him watch me take turns with his wife and his son." He laughs loud, pulling Mike's head down.

"Fuck." Billy breathes and holds Mike's head in place, groaning nearly silently.

Mike can feel Billy's cock twitch inside of his throat and his eyes roll up to the back of skull, losing vision while he can't breathe. Billy begins to come straight down – just the way he likes – and continues to make those nearly-nonexistent noises until he's all done.

When Billy pulls Mike off of cock, Mike's unconscious. He collapses to the floor. Billy uses his foot to move Mike only to his back, revealing a fresh semen stain on the floor.

Notes for the Chapter:

so, uh. this AU is really liked I think? Or at least people like sending prompts for it lmao

4. satin in

Notes for the Chapter:

prompt: Mike wearing a skirt for billy

this is A LOT LESS about the skirt than it is just a random ass mike/billy. i'm sorry.

Mike has a pleated off-color black skirt underneath a pair of jeans that don't fit anymore, in the right middle drawer of his long vanity dresser. He's happy that his mom's given him more privacy as he's gotten older, or otherwise she probably would've found it by now. The skirt goes undisturbed, mostly, except for certain nights when Mike's bedroom window opens at about midnight and someone creeps inside.

The floorboards in his room like to creak right by his bed. Obviously, it's nothing he has to worry about. His door is firmly shut and no one seems to ever be able to hear him moaning, as long as he's able to keep himself down a little. One morning Nancy did give him a strange look and told him a strange story about someone being mindful of their neighbor playing loud music. So the creaking floor isn't a problem. If he's asleep, it's like an alert that makes him open his eyes a little bit to see if it was just the sounds of the house or if it was his nighttime visitor.

His nighttime visitor, the man of teenage girl wet dreams. Billy Hargrove. Mike once took Holly's Ken doll and handed it to him, saying, "I found your brother in my sister's room." Billy pinched his nipple and twisted it for that joke. It was still so worth it.

It's not like Billy's tall or anything. He's just really muscular and thick, especially for a teenage boy. He's not even very nice. Mostly, he's on a constant rage train that lets out stream at a wrong word or two. He's probably just average, even in Hawkins. Maybe it's because he's just new blood, but Mike knows better.

Billy Hargrove has charisma. The same kind that Adolf Hitler had when he talked Germany into genocide. The same kind that was used

in the medieval age to rile up a kingdom for war. His smile is almost horrendous and strange, like it doesn't belong on his face, but it still makes even Mike's knees wobble.

The thing that suits Billy the most, is his anger. The absolute fury that fuels fires so deep inside of him that nothing can bring it down, except for the water he makes by pounding flesh and bone and making whoever had the ever-ignited anger burst out wish they were dead.

Billy's racist. He hates Lucas for no reason other than he's black. He's sexist. He'll hurl out insults at a girl quicker than anyone else. When he says women aren't good for anything else other than sex and making babies, Mike's pretty sure he actually believes it. Billy's aggressive. Everyone knows that. Billy's just a plain asshole.

But he's also cute. And it's really easy to ignore those flaws when he's got his head between your thighs.

Mike loves El more than he loves himself. It's just, Billy's tongue and dick were obviously crafted by the Devil.

The skirt in his dresser drawer is because of Billy. Mike will do a lot to keep Billy happy and coming back to him. He always leaves his window unlocked in hope that Billy will come through, even though it seems most nights he doesn't.

Mike bought the skirt at a thrift store. Jonathan was working there for a couple of weeks back when he'd gotten it. He'd hidden it underneath a pile of other clothes that Jonathan barely even rung up. Just had him pay fifteen dollars for the pile of clothes and let him be on his way.

It was a really shitty thrift store, in Jonathan's defense. A lot of things weren't even priced, so.

The skirt is high-waist designed, but when Mike does that it only goes down to as far as two inches above his knee. It was obviously owned previously by a girl much shorter than him. Still, it's perfect.

It's slutty and Billy likes it, so it serves a purpose.

Friday night. Mike's still awake at near 12:00 because he did all of his homework so he could go without worry for the weekend. And because he really didn't have anything to do. He couldn't sleep and he was bored.

He misses El like, a lot, because she hasn't talked to him since she saw him 'wrestling' with someone in his bed. He's just happy she couldn't see Billy's face. And that she hasn't told Hopper yet.

Probably.

His bedroom window slides upwards and Billy comes head-first, looking like a very weird snake before he's inside and stands up. The window is slid right back into place.

"I got you a gift." Billy says. "Get on the skirt."

Mike obeys. He puts away all of his textbooks and whatever else he had on his bed - and by put away, he means he shoved them to floor and collected everything into a messy stack - and within two minutes, he's wearing the same old sweater only, instead of the fleece pants, now he has the skirt clinging around his waist and falling down to his thighs.

Billy sits down on the edge of his bed and pats the top of his thighs. "Baby boy," He says. Which is enough for Mike to come walking forward, until Billy wraps his hand on his side and tugs him over into place.

He has his back flush to Billy's chest, skirt folded up so his bare ass sits over denim, and his legs stretched out over Billy's. Mike's only a couple inches from being taller than Billy, but while Billy is meaty and thick, Mike's thin and boney.

"You need to shave." Billy says, his hand standing on Mike's side though his other lands on Mike's thigh. It slides down to his knees, where a number of fine black hairs are growing.

"I always shave everything else." Mike sighs out. "I get bullied enough because everyone thinks I have gotten any armpit hair, yet."

"Being proud of hair is fucking stupid." Billy says. "Girls don't even

like that shit. It gets smelly and nasty, fast. So, shave, or I'm not going to want to fuck you."

Mike probably will shave his legs now that he's been told, but it's not like he's just going to give in. "I don't want to." He says.

Billy tightens his grip over Mike's knee and digs his nails into the skin on the underside. "Behave, or you won't get your gift." He says. He lets go of Mike's leg.

"What's my gift?" Mike asks.

"Well," Billy drums his fingertips over Mike's thigh. "I want to fuck my baby girl tonight." He says.

Mike winces. "I don't like being baby girl." He complains. "How is that even a gift?"

"I'll give you your gift after my girl shows me her cunt." Billy says.

And, Mike doesn't like being obedient, but he's curious. He tells himself it's just to see what Billy has gotten him, when he quickly gives in.

He gets off of Billy's lap and goes onto the floor, onto his elbows and knees. He dips his back down and holds himself up with one arm, so he can reach back and pull up the skirt.

"Is it pretty, daddy?" He asks. It's more of a mumble. It makes Billy grin, though, so it does the job.

"Very pretty, baby," Billy says. He unbuttons his jeans and stands up, shoving them down. He went commando which, really, isn't surprising. It has to be uncomfortable to have his dick against the denim like that though, Mike's sure.

Billy's dick isn't, like, shockingly huge. It's not long, anyways. Just average. Mike's dick has already grown enough in size to be as long – but he's thick and veiny. And uncircumcised. When it's shoved into Mike, it feels as though someone's trying to pack in a long soda can. It used to hurt.

“Where’s my gift?” Mike asks, whiny.

Billy laughs. It’s too loud, for nighttime at the Wheeler’s. Mike’s eyes glance towards his bedroom door to make sure that it’s locked. Billy pulls up his pants a couple inches and shoves his hand into the back pocket, pulling out a crinkly plastic bag. “Here.” He says and tosses it over to Mike.

It lands next to Mike’s head. He tilts himself to the side so he can pick it up.

“What’s in it?” Mike asks, pushing his thumb into it. It looks like the bag from the clothing store downtown, that nice one. He doubts Billy would’ve spent his money there on Mike.

“Open it up later.” Billy says. He’s getting on the floor, smiling like a madman. “Daddy wants to fuck his baby girl’s cunt.”

(LINE_BREAK)

Mike’s skirt ends up shoved into the bottom of his laundry basket. It’s got cum on the front and on the back, respectively Mike’s and Billy’s. He’ll have to do a load of laundry on his own and deal with Nancy asking him if he peed himself in bed.

And inside the plastic bag – a pair of pink satin panties.

Author’s Note:

again: i’m on tumblr as reb1stmakr. follow me, send me prompts, ask me stuff, go nuts dude.